

Exhibit A

Dear Honorable Judge Dora L. Irizarry:

Your Honor, I am very grateful for this opportunity to compile this letter to you. At this juncture your honor might have already read about my family history from my sister and brother, and/or from other reports. The sadness of losing my mother has not diminished with time, which it help triggered numerous deep profound reflections at different stages over the years, the shame I brought to my family. It helped me to learned, to recognize and to understand what I had done.

I was a lost youth in those couple of years. It's as if I had sold my soul to evil and darkness, I allowed myself to be lulled into thinking that being part of my friend's circle was of great importance, to be part of pure destructions that brought nothing but pain and misery for others. Every time I replay those couple of days and the despicable crime I was part of, I hate myself for being so easily impressionable, weak, and did not have the courage to stand-up to those "so-called friends."

All these years I have attempted to search for words to apologize for my actions, the lives I helped destroy,

for all the un-erasable pain and anguish I have caused to all of the victim's family, and most of all the victims Mr. Mon Hsing Ting, and Mr. Anthony Grattan. As I was locked away in prison confinement, I have realized that no amount of time, nor my apologies would ever fully heal the wounds I had helped inflicted.

Prison is a very negative, dark place. In order to survive it is a constant struggle to elevate myself above the circumstances. I remember one instance around 1995 in Alvarado Penitentiary, at the time I was housed in the same unit with Tony, Alex and Roger. That day they were partying as they do when they were bored. I walked by the cell they were in and they asked me to join them, I responded with "no thanks," then continued to walk away. Right at that moment Roger told me: "come on Joe, why do you always gotta be the party pooper?" I did not respond and just walked away, it felt so right and it also cemented the thought of doing everything I possibly can to stay away from them. Since at the time they are still holding on to that illusion, romanticized hoodlumism. Which it's the exact same nonsense I was a part of those couple of years.

Over the past decades, I've found the peace with myself, realized the punishment posed on me was lent to bring

me to my right senses.

Your Honor, I would like to offer my sincere apologies to the families whom I have inflicted so much suffering upon. I am not the same weak, ignorant, troubled and destructive youth from twenty-eight years ago. I am 44 year old now, and over the years I have tried to do everything in my ability to make correct and positive decisions. To hold myself accountable, be a matured and responsible human being. I hope and pray that my actions in the last twenty-seven years can demonstrate to you my true soul, that it is redeemable, and I can be a productive member of society.

Thank you for your time.

Sincerely,
Joseph Wong